

*Bull.* Royally? Why, it contains no King?  
*Per.* Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King Richard lyes  
 Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,  
 And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,  
 Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man  
 Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.

*North.* Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.  
*Bull.* Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,  
 Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle  
 Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:  
*Henry Bullingbrooke* vpon his knees doth kisse  
 King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance  
 And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come  
 Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,  
 Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,  
 And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:  
 If not, Ile vse th'aduantage of my Power,  
 And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,  
 Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;  
 The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*  
 It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench  
 The fresh Greene Lep of faire King *Richard's* Land,  
 My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.  
 Goe signifie as much, while here we march  
 Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:  
 Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,  
 That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements  
 Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.  
 Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet  
 With no lesse terror then the Elements  
 Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake  
 At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:  
 Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;  
 The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine  
 My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.  
 March on, and marke King *Richard* how he looks.

*Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.*  
*Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroope,*  
*Salisbury.*

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare  
 As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,  
 From out the fierie Portall of the East,  
 When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent  
 To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract  
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

*Tork.* Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye  
 (As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth  
 Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,  
 That any harne should staine so faire a shew.

*Rich.* Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood  
 To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,  
 Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:  
 And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget  
 To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?  
 If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,  
 That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,  
 For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone  
 Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,  
 Vnlesse he doe prophane, feale, or vsurpe.  
 And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,  
 Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,  
 And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:  
 Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,  
 Is mustering in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike  
 Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbeget,  
 That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,  
 And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.  
 Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,  
 That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,  
 Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope  
 The purple Testament of bleeding Warres;  
 But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,  
 Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes  
 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
 Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace  
 To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew  
 Her Pastors Grassie with faithfull English Blood.

*North.* The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King  
 Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes  
 Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,  
*Harry Bullingbrooke*, doth humbly kisse thy hand,  
 And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,  
 That stands vpon your Royall Grandfires Bones,  
 And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,  
 (Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)  
 And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,  
 And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,  
 Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,  
 His comming hither hath no further scope,  
 Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge  
 Infranchisement immediate on his knees:  
 Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,  
 His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,  
 His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart  
 To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:  
 This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,  
 And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

*Rich.* *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,  
 His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,  
 And all the number of his faire demands  
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
 With all the gracious vnderance thou hast,  
 Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends,  
 We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,  
 To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?  
 Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send  
 Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

*Ann.* No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

*Rich.* Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,  
 That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment  
 On yond proud man, should take it off againe  
 With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great  
 As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,  
 Or that I could forget what I haue beene,  
 Or not remember what I must be now:  
 Swell't thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,  
 Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

*Ann.* *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

*Rich.* What must the King doe now? must he submit  
 The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?  
 The King shall be contented: Must he loose  
 The Name of King? O Gods Name let it goe.  
 Ile giue my Jewels for a sett of Beades,  
 My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,  
 My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,  
 My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,  
 My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.*

*Qu.* What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,  
 To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

*La.* Madame, wee'll play at Bowles.

*Qu.* I will make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,  
 And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

*La.* Madame, wee'll Dance.

*Qu.* My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,  
 When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.  
 Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

*La.* Madame, wee'll tell Tales.

*Qu.* Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

*La.* Of cyther, Madame.

*Qu.* Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:

Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,

It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:

For what I haue, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

*La.* Madame, Ile sing.

*Qu.* 'Tis well that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

*La.* I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

*Qu.* And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,  
 And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

*Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.*

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,  
 Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,  
 They'll talke of State: for euery one doth so,  
 Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

*Gard.* Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,  
 Which like vnuly Children, make their Syre  
 Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:

Giue some suppurance to the bending twiggies.  
 Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,  
 That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:

All must be euen, in our Government.  
 You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away

The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke  
 The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

*Ser.* Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,  
 Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,

Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?  
 When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,  
 Her Fruit-trees all vnprun'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes  
 Swarming with Caterpillers.

*Gard.* Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,  
 Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Lease.

The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leanes did shelter,  
 That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,

Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:  
 I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Bushie*, *Greene*.

*Ser.* What.

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,  
 And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,  
 A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.  
 Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,  
 Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet  
 May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:  
 For on my heart they tread now, whilest I liue;  
 And buried once, why not vpon my Head?  
*Aumerle*, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)  
 Wee'll make foule Weather with despised Teares:  
 Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,  
 And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.  
 Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,  
 And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?  
 As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,  
 Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,  
 Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes  
 Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?  
 Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see  
 I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.  
 Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,  
 What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maiestie  
 Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?  
 You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.

*North.* My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend  
 To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

*Rich.* Downe, downe I come, like glitt'ring *Phaeton*,  
 Wanting the manage of vnuly Iades,

In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,  
 To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.

In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,  
 For night-Owls shrike, where mouing Larks should sing.

*Bull.* What sayes his Maiestie?  
*North.* Sorrow, and griefe of heart

Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:  
 Yet he is come.

*Bull.* Stand all apart,  
 And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.

My gracious Lord.  
*Rich.* Faire Cousin,

You debase your Princely Knee,  
 To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.

Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,  
 Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtiesie.

Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,  
 Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

*Bull.* My gracious Lord, I come but for mine  
 owne.

*Rich.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and  
 all.

*Bull.* So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,  
 As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

*Rich.* Well you deferu'd:  
 They well deserue to haue,

That know the strong't, and surest way to get.  
 Vncke giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,

Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.  
 Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,

Though you are old enough to be my Heire.  
 What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,

For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.  
 Set on towards London:

Cousin, is it so?  
*Bull.* Yea, my good Lord.

*Rich.* Then I must not say, no.  
*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*